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Reflections for Saturday Evening.

"My beloved spake and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away : For lo ! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone : The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land : The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." SONG OF SOLOMON, XX. 10-14.

Those who are really convinced, and feel what man is by nature, and what sin has entailed on an apostate race, will readily admit that the remaining corruptions of a regenerated heart dim the prospect of salvation, and damp the fervor of inherent grace ; and that nothing can brighten up the former, and warm the latter, into a lively exercise, but the splendor and experience of God's repeated rising on the soul.—How happy is it for his benighted people, that as mists and clouds may seem to obscure the sun, but cannot extinguish him, nor even hinder the access of his rays beyond a certain time ; so that Jehovah, who is faithful, He who knows what is in man, and who is still greater, (in mercy and power) than our hearts can be, in point of sinful depravity, will finally subdue our iniquities, shine away our fears, purify us from all our dross, and perfectly conform us to the image of his holiness.—How universal, therefore, is the all-directing providence of God. Nothing is exempted from its

notice, nothing is excepted from its control : chance like absolute darkness, has no real existence.

On reading over the above passage, which I have chosen as appropriate at this season of the year, for this Evenings reflections, the mind is naturally led to enquire into the real cause of that love which the Lord Jesus Christ professes to his church in every place ; and under all circumstances, and whether it is real or counterfeit, for many fair professions are made by lovers and yet all proceed from selfish motives or carnal gratification, like a species of bat found in the eastern countries, which lulls the object of its destruction to sleep with the cooling breezes produced by its wings, in order to suck out its very heart's blood. If we consider the natural state and condition of man, it is truly surprising and astonishing to think what the Lord Jesus can see or find in him worthy of his love ; and I am certain there is no man that can say in his heart that he deserves the love or affections of such a *holy being as Jehovah* : For what is man really, when sought and found by him ? (as God always seeks the sinner—never, never, would so perverted a will, as is implanted naturally in the heart of man, turn to him of its own accord ;) he is in a state of alienation from his God ; he is the most uncomely being in the universe.

for he is covered from head to foot with wounds, and bruises, and putrified sores. He is born and conceived in sin, and he is so abominably vile, that nothing short of the blood of the only begotten and blessed Son of God, can wash away his impurity. Hear this, O sinner, and reflect on the love that Jesus then bears to such a wretch as thou art! This is, it must be, true love; and Jesus tells us, greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. But let me ask, how has *He* proved *His* love? Even by laying it down for his enemies. So much is his love, therefore, greater in proportion to all creature love. Now what was the cause of all this? "To redeem unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." His unbounded mercy and love to guilty, fallen, helpless and apostate man, brought him, of his own free will and pleasure, from the glory which He had with his Father, ere the world was, to take upon Him the nature of sinful flesh, and sojourn on this earth for a season, that He might by a free will offering of Himself, satisfy divine justice, and redeem His people, freeing them from the power and dominion of sin and satan. Now the power of love is very great, and we can easily tell, or indeed I might say, we cannot well tell, how much we would cheerfully do, bear, or suffer for the sake of the person we dearly love. But how different

is the love of Christ, and how different ought ours to be to Him, "*who first loved us and gave himself for us.*" O, fellow sinner, consider the need you have of your Saviour's love, and consider the infinite worth of such a Saviour; hear also the awful words of the Apostle: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha." 'Tis this precious Jesus who speaks to you in the words chosen for this Evening's Reflections, who marks every season, who appoints and ordains every thing for your good. He is the great Sun of Righteousness, who ruleth and ordereth the seasons by the influence of His beams. In the natural world the sun does not enlighten the earth all at once—for in the morning it arises in the east, and gradually proceeds in its course: so does the glorious Sun of Righteousness—for while it is morning with some, it is midnight with others; and the only way we can judge whether we really enjoy his enlightening beams, is to see if his sanctifying grace has operated on our hearts; if we have broken off our sins by repentance and forsaking them; if not, we are still under spiritual darkness and the dominion of sin. It is certainly true, that the darkest hour is that nearest day light; and it is often the case that the glorious Sun of Righteousness withdraws his light for a season, that the believer may experience midnight darkness in his

soul, in order to rise again with redoubled splendor and heat, to ripen the latter fruits. Now, as no description can communicate or give an adequate idea of sunshine, or the colours of the rainbow, to a man born blind; so the natural man cannot discern the things of God, for they are spiritually discerned: and the result of all our reasonings, all our conjectures, and all our professions, if the Sun of Righteousness hath not arisen on our souls, are vain and imaginary, and leave us in total ignorance and darkness. How beautifully descriptive then is the passage chosen for this Evening's Reflections, of the love that Jesus bears his church, and of the manner he calls his people. We can all see and feel, that the dreary season of winter is just past, and the delightful season of spring commencing. Our hearts also rejoice and are elated at the prospect of seeing the fields and trees once more covered with verdure and foliage, and to hear the melody of the birds tuning their songs into a general chorus, as it were to cheer our drooping spirits, and to lull away our cares. To the believer, who has had the winter season of affliction and distress, & who perhaps at such periods has had his views occasionally dark, and his comforts have suffered a temporary chill. To such a one how cheering is such a season as this, and how consolatory the thought, that if the God of love is every indeed peculiarly near his wandering people, it is when afflictions, and his awful denunciations against sin, press sore on them; when they seem to be deserted on all hands, and when every comfort seems to be withdrawn from them. Well might Jacob say, when forced to flee from his father's house, "*Behold! God is in this place and I knew it not!*" Therefore when the spiritual winter lasts, should it not be our endeavor to exercise all our winter graces of faith, patience, and a total resignation to the will of God: Saying from our hearts, "*Not my will, but thine be done:*" For surely at the time appointed our consolations shall return as the clear shining after rain, and our joy be as the sun when it goeth forth in its might. Then indeed shall we feel that inward summer and prosperity of soul, hastening apace: "For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land: The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape, give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." O, then the winter (of doubts and darkness, of pain and sorrow, of affliction and temptation, of coldness and barrenness, of storm and tossing) is past; the rain (of weeping and distress) is over and gone; the flowers (of peace and holy rejoicing) appear on the earth;

the time of singing of birds (when thy graces shall all be alert and lively, and thou shalt pray and praise with enlargement) is come; and the voice of the turtle (the still small music of the Holy Spirit's voice, whispering peace to the conscience) is heard in our land.—The fig tree putteth forth her green figs (fruitfulness in every good word and work, shall evidence thy revival in grace;) and the vines with the tender grapes impart their fragranc; (thy amiable and benevolent tempers, accompanied by all the other lovely effects of communion with God, shall *justify* thy faith to the world, and visibly adorn thy profession of the Gospel of Christ.) Yet though favored with this happy and glorious experience, we must not expect (nor is it the lot of every believer) to enjoy summer all the year round. But however this be, an eternity is coming, when thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thy everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Isa. ix. 20.—*Visitant.*

The following speech was delivered at the anniversary meeting of the New-York Evangelical Missionary Society of young men, on presenting the Report of the officers, by the Reverend Mr. WHEPLEY.

Mr. Whelpley moved that the Report be accepted, and after some introductory observa-

tions, proceeded as follows:—

Need I remark, Sir, that the subject to which your report refers—I mean *the diffusion of the light and privileges of the gospel*—is ever interesting, as it is always of the first importance? While you hear the details, of your Board, you cannot but feel its importance; you feel it also, in the responsibilities under which you act;—you see it in the present state of the church and of the world;—you apprehend it in the length, & breadth, and height and depth” of eternal retribution. In its progressive results, this subject is seen to involve the highest interest, happiness and glory of man:—it is ripe with the salvation of millions—with the perdition of other millions: and with sublime portentous aspect, looks down upon the ages of eternity, where if not now, it shall elicit, or be identified with the strongest reflection of divine glory.

I consider this report, Sir, as holding a place among the numerous & decisive proofs, which the present day affords, that a *revolution* in the intellectual and moral state of man has begun, and is rapidly advancing to its crisis;—a revolution, in which hope is assurance—experiment is success—and contest is victory. What though the struggle between the light and darkness be severe and protracted;—what though the lightnings of heaven and the flames of hell alternately narrow and extend the scene of conflict, yet truth & holiness shall triumph—*Jesus shall reign.*

Examine the *intellectual* world. The treasures of wisdom and knowledge are poured forth with a profusion unknown before ;—the acts of civilization multiply :—sciences make progress hitherto unparalleled :—plans for the emancipation of mind from the slavery of error and prejudice, are greatly conceived, and nobly executed ;—the rational powers possess their own prerogative—the mass of society is ascendant in intellect.

Again, Sir, look at the *moral* world. A change is rapidly effecting—indicated by circumstances, confounding in the eye of the skeptic—sublime in the eye of the philosopher. The true dignity of human nature, more than the original grade of human being, is about to be secured.—I see the ruins of the fall rising in immortal strength & beauty ;—and while institutions multiply for objects as various as the forms of human want or woe, a spirit of benevolence that is heaven-born, pervades society from the palace to the cottage ;—the moral man is “created in righteousness and true holiness.” These things mark a revolution, I may say, recent in its origin—resistless in its progress, and wonderful in its evolutions. But to *what* is this intellectual change to be attributed ? “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for the truths sake.” Doubtless, Sir, it is to be attributed, under God, to the gospel of the Son of God, as promulgated by his

ambassadors. Neither will it be esteemed a bold position, that the influence of that gospel has done more towards effecting this sublime transition, than all the other causes concurrent that can be ascertained or conceived. There alone is “glad tidings for the poor—comfort for the broken-hearted—liberty for the captives—sight for the blind—release for the oppressed—a jubilee for the world.”

On the morning of such a day as this—in the midst of scenes brightening with the splendor of truth, of benevolence, of immortality—it might be thought irrelevant—perhaps tantalizing, to ask *what would now have been the state of the world without the influence of the gospel of Christ !*—If it be true that the arts and sciences are but secondary rays from the fountain of wisdom ;—if it be true as observed by a moral Theseus, who having explored, and escaped the labyrinths of infidelity, that “had it not been for a special revelation, mankind would never have known how to make a nail,” whither would the souls destitute of holy motive, have wandered under the guidance of what is often, not to say impiously called the *light of nature, or of reason ?*—In view of the prospects, now disclosed by a partial removal of the intervening darkness, the questions recur with distressful influence, what, after the first and fatal dereliction had traced its unhappy results through six thousand years, what would

have been the present state of man?—and what his hopes, “midst upper, nether, and surrounding darkness?”—The present condition of the heathen world partially solves the first of these enquiries:—an answer to the second, with tremendous emphasis, is reported to us in the state and prospects of the damned!

Among other reasons, Sir, why this Report should be accepted, I cannot fail to mention the zeal for the *salvation of dying men*, which it exhibits. It is a zeal which is “according to knowledge.” We know, Sir, the unhappy state of thousands in our own city—of tens of thousands in our own country. We know also the perishing condition of the heathen world. Save a small remnant, “darkness still covers the earth, and gross darkness the people.” Shall I relate the melancholy history of perhaps more than nine tenths of the human family? To be born in sin—to be educated in crime—to live without virtue, and to die without hope. Like successive waves, that rise and sink forever, generation after generation passes to eternal retribution. We see their several beacons along the shores of death; we hear their several voices as they sink to rise no more! Alas! that each succeeding generation should, of the wreck of generations past, build their frail bark, in which to tempt the storms of life—to pass the streights of death—to make the ocean of eternity!

I ask myself, Sir, can it be, that man, made in the image of God—man who carries in his face the light of reason—on whose brow sits the diminished glory of heaven—in whose breast the seeds of immortal affection grow—in whose eye the fires of immortality beam, can it be, that man is thus depraved—fallen—lost? ’tis even so. Under the just and holy government of God, *where there is sin, there is a curse, and where there is guilt, there is woe and death.*

Go into the streets and highways of this city, if you would see this remark verified. Accompany your missionary from house to house: what forms of misery—what depths of ignorance—what extremes of moral degradation will you not behold! Where children in multitudes grow up in vice, sufficient to curtain the heavens with sackcloth; and in ignorance sufficient to give perpetuity to crime and eternity to guilt:—where parents, shameless and hopeless, by precept and example, bid their offspring, “God speed”—to hell: where the aged, dark and comfortless, without a glow of unearthly feeling, save what is excited by the consciousness of immortality, set their foot into the grave! In fine, where men carry in their front the names of blasphemy, and women—my soul sickens! my frame shivers! “The sword is bathed in heaven: the angel of death seizes the flaming brand, and hovers in our sky!

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Again, Sir, travel with your an infant church broke from the fold of the serpent, and asserted "the liberty which she had in Christ Jesus."

But, Sir, I am irresistably led to extend my view, and to contemplate for a momont the heathen world. Imagine yourself an infant, born on the banks of the Missouri—in the Siberian wild—in Bramma's territory, or where the Niger rolls her gloomy waters. His infancy passes on the bosom of a being, far less human in soul than in form.—His youth, is spent in the forest, or sheltered in caverns—lashed with storms or scorched with sunbeams derives from the inclement force of suns and seasons, an impress far less odious and terrible, than do the features of his soul from native depravity—from actual crime.—He rises to manhood but "*knows not God!*"—The scath of heaven is on his forehead—the curse of Cain is in his path:—the spirit of vengeance glares from his eye—hell is in his bosom. No moral precept reaches his ear—no ray of divine grace touches his heart; he knows little of his duty—less of his high destiny; he thinks of no virtue beyond a bravo—of no pleasure beyond revenge! He looks up at the sun, but little does he think of the happy climates which that full orb in his daily circuit visits. And O, how deeply ignorant of that "Sun of Righteousness," which dispenses his beams on earth, and pours his glory through heaven! Thus he lives, and thus he dies!—

Judge, Sir, by your Report, how many scenes like this, have past during the last year. But more than this. Churches are formed—the wildernes blossoms—the solitude has become the garden of God! Long will the third Sabbath of October last be remembered in Clarence, when

He lives a wretch, and dies but to exchange the scene for greater wickedness—for keener passions—for deeper darkness—for endless perdition!

And yet, sir, is he not your brother? and does not his fate move your compassion? With little variation, his history is but the history of many millions of our race. The Indians, the Chinese, and the nations of central Asia, though more refined and somewhat more exalted in the ranks of men, than mere savages, are still but heathen; and if a fruitful soil and genial climate, if the exuberant blessings of Providence have cast a gilding over their condition, 'tis but the refinement of vice—the sublimation of misery. The beauties of a shroud, and the splendors of a tomb may conceal, but cannot resuscitate putrefaction and death. To say the least, therefore, by how much those things may seem to render their condition here more desirable, by so much they render their prospects of futurity more dreadful.

Oh, my soul, what immense crowds throng the road to endless ruin! But do they go thither with a solitary guilt? Do they go thither under the dire impossibility of salvation? Far from it. They go—but they go in sight of nations, who *have*, and who if influenced by a proper zeal, can impart to them “the word of life.” Has there been an age, in which the light of the gospel has not been seen? Is it not two thousand years since

the Alpha and Omega set “the broad seal of heaven” upon the sacred cannon? Is it not fifteen hundred years since Christianity ascended in triumph the throne of the Cesars? From that grand and happy hour, did not the nations, alarmed at the danger of the heathen, unite, exert, and exhaust their efforts for their salvation?—No!—

What, sir, then remains? It remains for this age of intelligent piety to fulfil the duty which it bears the responsibility of ages that are past. What though fifteen centuries of massacre, revolution and war have rendered the Christian name terrible in the ear of the heathen; what tho’ their contract has been a lie, their smile a treason, and their friendship slavery; what tho’ their encroachment has been like the sweep of the sirocco, and their path like that of the destroying angel, it remains for us, not so much to apologize for the faults of our fathers or brethren, as to impart a blessing to the nations, which has been long—too long denied. Yes, sir, if you will allow me the idea of our “own business and bosoms,” it remains for us who live in this land—in this portion of the NEW WORLD, so recently emancipated from civil bondage, as from religious despotism, as we have “freely received,” so “freely to give” this boon of heaven to the nations. Are Africa, and Asia, and even Europe apostate? Has the eye of the False Prophet become dim? Has

"Babylon, the great," fallen?

The hour has not yet come—but it cometh! While, from the smoke of the bottomless pit, swarms of locusts still issue to smite with their scorpion sting, the apostate church, darkening and the air, that sun has broke forth on our meridian, & pours his vertical influence upon the Eden of America! Though ages rolled on, ages of darkness have like a sable curtain, o'erhung this favoured land, blessed be God, the Shekinah has found a dwelling place in the bosom of that deep and mournful gloom. Its servants multiply—its altars rise—its pure and lambent light is seen afar. Did I then needlessly say, it remains for us, so privileged—so highly exalted, to be first in our efforts for the salvation of men—to be "*named chief of the nations, to whom the house of Israel shall come?*" It is ours, under God, and who is he, that will not find in the vocation an impulse to effort, sufficient to insure all the glories of success? it is ours to stay the progress of this moral pestilence, to bind up the wing of the whirlwind, and to give vitality to the atmosphere of death;—to invoke the spirit of Christianity, and send him forth, not in the panoply of an "archangel ruined," but in robes of righteousness and peace.

But, Sir, I fear that I have already trespassed too long upon your patience. Let me only remark, that in the zeal for the salvation of dying men, which this Report exhibits, I behold

the promise of better days—of golden years! I behold the first fruits of pure, rational, vital, heaven-born Christianity. The angel, having the everlasting gospel in his hand, is flying through the midst of heaven! What volumes of clouds are already rolled away! Broad fields of light extend beneath!—Hail! millennial glory!—Welcome, thrice welcome, holy, happy JUBILEE!

GENERAL CIRCULAR.

To the Baptist Association throughout the Union, the numerous Missionary Societies who with them are uniting their exertions to promote the interests of evangelical piety and virtue, and to all who commiserate the calamities of man, and long and labour for the arrival of the day when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea:—

The Baptist board of foreign Missions for the U. States, Present affectionate gratulations:

Ever since their origination, the Board has kept in view the best aims of the Convention whom they represent, particularly the important duty of endeavouring to diffuse religious knowledge, not merely on the wretched and benighted plains of Burmah, &c. but also along the western frontiers of our country, and through the depths of the wilderness, from the Mississippi to the Pacific ocean. They have ever considered the service of sending the everlasting gos-

pet to the Indians of the west, as the counsel and co-operation of their western brethren. devolving with peculiar reasonableness and force on American christians. These occupy a large portion of lands once the possession of the natives, and can point them to no surer and brighter recompense than the "inheritance incorruptible and undefiled" beyond the grave.

In an age like the present, when, for the circulation of the gospel, christians of every name are coming forth with all the beauties of the morning, and all the promise of the spring, it can create no surprise that several societies have taken the condition of the Indians into serious and active consideration. The field is wide and encouraging. The number of those who sow in hope, and who shall reap with joy, can scarcely be excessive. The efforts of the Baptist Mission Society in Kentucky, communicated to them through the medium of the Rev. Mr. Trott & the Rev. Mr. Noel, deserve affectionate commendation. The board wishes them ample success. The magnitude, however, of the object embraced, calls for *general* rather than *local* resources. Such resources are thrown into the possession of the Board, who will find its happiness in their faithful appropriation to the purposes for which the generous contributors have designed them. In every effort for the spread of civilization and piety, and particularly through western regions, the Board earnestly solicits, & will gratefully welcome,

the counsel and co-operation of their western brethren.

The Board are alive, with all the ardours of the most sincere thankfulness, to the Christian zeal, in favor of the untaught Indians, discovered by Col. R. M. Johnson, and beg his acceptance of their fraternal acknowledgments. They have perused the eloquent and informing letters addressed to him by Thomas L. M'Kenney, esq. with no common interest. They pray that the God of missions, may abundantly renumerate these excellent men, and grant them, in the diffusion of the principles of truth and holiness, all that an enlightened and benevolent heart can desire. They are persuaded that ten thousand more, and particularly the Indian agents through our country, are waiting only for an opportunity of accelerating the common design.

The circumstances which gave birth to the general Convention of the Baptist denomination of the United States, and of consequence to their officiating Board, will not be forgotten. Two excellent men, brother Judson & brother Rice, were in the Providence of God, thrown on their patronage and support. They were welcomed as brethren beloved. Brother Rice has, by the decided approbation of the Board been continued to advance the interests of missions in the United States. Brother Judson and family are in Eastern India. The wretched, dismal, desolate condition of

the Burmans, has been pressed on the zeal and piety of the disciples of the Redeemer in the United States. The voice of heaven has not been heard in vain. Funds for the support of the amiable missionary have been liberally contributed and transmitted. He has asked for associates. Brother Hough & family have been sent to Rangoon.—Brethren Wheelock and Colman are waiting in Boston for a vessel, [*they have since sailed*] having been approved as missionaries, that they may unite in their labours. This field is highly important. The God of mercies is, in fact, saying to America, "I have set before you an open door, and no man can shut it." It is a voice distinct and forcible as that of Macedonia to the apostle of the Gentiles. Communications from Rangoon are of the most encouraging nature. Mr. Judson is in possession of the language, has his whole heart in the work, and has already issued a tract in Burman, exhibiting, with lucidity and faithfulness, the way to the paradise of God. The Board feel themselves bound by all the ties of duty, honour, and affection, to give this sphere of missionary exertion, & to the brethren who occupy or enter it, their cheerful and firm support.—God grant that in those miserable regions "the heavens" may "drop down righteousness, & the earth bring forth salvation."

But it was never contemplated by the Convention & Board that their endeavours should be

circumscribed by *eastern* lines. The *west* has lain with weight on their minds. Nor have they been backward at expressing their feelings. They need appeal only to the several "Reports" of the Board, and to the "Proceedings of the Convention" for confirmation. Five missionaries are already under their patronage in the western and south-western sections of the country; all of whom have ultimate reference to the savage tribes. Ranges of destitute frontier are kept in view; but they are regarded as inlets to Indian wigwams and Indian *talks*.—The missionaries are instructed, not merely to make inquiries respecting the aborigines, but to plunge into the depths of their superstitions, and to direct their views to the 'GREAT FATHER,' who receives with expanded arms the penitent prodigal.

The Board are solemnly impressed with the high advantage that must result from imparting education, particularly in the English (or French) language, to the children of the natives. They purpose making application to Congress, should it be found advisable, for a site or sites where seminaries may be established with the hope of success, and where the arts of civilized life, agriculture, domestic economy, &c. in conjunction with the doctrines and duties of the gospel, may be inculcated. The states of Louisiana, Mississippi, Indiana, and Ohio, together with the territories of Missouri, Illinois, Alabama, &

Michigan, exhibit plains for spiritual culture that the eye of pious sympathy can never survey without the tear of pity, and a heart prepared for exertion.— Efforts for the salvation of the Indians have hitherto been of a character too solitary. Elliot, Brainerd, Edwards, and others, laboured too much alone. It is no more the design of Heaven in christian missions, than in the toils of the rustic, that forests should be prostrated by the strokes of an individual.

The Board would beg leave respectfully to solicit the opinion of their excellencies the governors of the several states and territories above mentioned, and of the respective Indian agents, as to the eligible means of attaining the great object. They wish information in reference to the number, location, and temper of the tribes; whether any of their youths could probably be obtained for the purpose of receiving christian education; whether, if found practicable, it would be more eligible that they be educated at a mission establishment in the neighborhood of the Indians, or in the midst of the white population, industry, economy & refinement. Should situations among or near themselves be thought preferable, the Board would feel a sense of extreme obligation in having such spots designated as might appear most promising.

A publication denominated **THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MAGAZINE**, has for a considerable time been published in Boston.

It has circulated widely through the New-England States, and extensively along the seaboard of the country. It is conducted by men of superior talent, possessing ardent zeal for the cause of God & missions. The names of Baldwin, Sharp, & Winchell, are a praise in the churches.— The consideration alone that the terms of this valuable work forbid its effusion through the west and southwest, without incurring a positive expense to the Board, has induced the latter to propose another work which they wish to be considered as a *sister*, but by no means a rival of the former, to be denominated "**THE LATTER DAY LUMINARY**." It will be published quarterly. The terms may be collected from circulars. Its profits will be sacred to the interests of the mission.

Perhaps in relation to eastern and western missionary attempts, the prophecy of Zechariah is actually accomplishing. "It shall be in that day, that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem; half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea; in summer and in winter shall it be; and the Lord shall be king over all the earth. In that day there shall be one Lord, and his name One."

The Board is grateful for the liberal assistance that from every part of the union is pouring into its treasury. A faithful statement of every item of expenditure will be annually exhibited. The work is great,

but unity, benifcence, ardour, one heart, and one mind, are & a steadfast perseverance, with pushing towards the mark—and the blessing of the Lord, will is not this mark the glory of accomplish wonders. Let the God, and our salvation? For ministers of heaven “speak to out of what source are we to the people that they go for- derive right knowledge of that ward,” and let all unite in the glory which is due unto Him, the prayer of the prophetic Da- and of the means of salvation vid, “Arise, O God, judge the for ourselves, but from the earth for thou shalt inherit all words of God himself? Let us nations.”

By order of the Board,

WM. STAUGHTON, Cor. Sec.

October, 1817.

Tobolsk Bible Society in the capital of Siberia.

FROM THE REV. R. PINKERTON.

On the 25th of June, a day memorable in the annals of Siberia, the foundation was laid of the Tobolsk Bible Society. The archbishop and clergy, together with the chief governor, and a vast number of the citizens of all classes, being assembled in the palace of the archbishop, the cathedral priest Zemleditzen, addressed the meeting in a speech of which the following is an extract:

“At length Siberia also, tho’ distant in her situation from the imperial throne, yet ever near the heart of the august monarch who sits upon it, puts her hands, with gladness, to labour in the blessed harvest of the word of God. Already, the inhabitants of this city, at the call of the Deliverer of kings and of nations, with sentiments of sacred joy, hearken to the friendly invitations to enter on this course. And stand here prepared to join the multitude of those who, with

put upon these words the sure seal of faith, that its light may illumine our hearts. “O Lord! to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!”

Thus spake one of the genuine disciples of the faith, whose spirit ardently longed to imbibe the doctrine of grace from the mouth of God.

“The Saviour himself has pronounced those blessed who hear the word of God, and obey it. And the light of God’s word, which is now shedding abroad its animating rays upon all, is destined soon to shed them upon the most distant parts of Siberia also; in order to enlighten, sanctify, and glorify, all those who hunger and thirst after righteousness.—

Then these strange tribes, who know not the true God, but fall down and worship corruptible gods, graven images, the work of mortal hands, shall be illumined by hearing and reading the word of God; those who were once foolish, shall become wise; and those who formerly were darkness, shall become light in the Lord. The numerous tribes on every hand, shall all join in extinguishing the torch of supersition, and

overthrowing their abominable own fellow countrymen. But idols; and shall become co-partakers of that faith which comes from God and brings salvation to man. Doubtless, you all, distinguished personages and respectable citizens, will join in showing examples worthy of your enlightened minds and honourable feelings, by promoting the present most auspicious undertaking, in every possible way; and demonstrate that Siberia also has its zealous lovers of the word of the true God; that Siberia also knows how to appreciate the wise laws of the wise legislator of Russia, Alexander the First, by adopting the surest means for disseminating the light of the gospel of divine grace in every part of Russia: a work, in which they who sow, and they who reap, shall one day rejoice together."

The regulations of the proposed Institution having been read, the venerable gray headed archbishop Ambrosius rose; and in the midst of the crowded audience pronounced the following concise speech.

"Most respectable meeting! Once, the Lord, the Upholder of all things, in his wrath threatened the children of Israel for not obeying his commandments, with a famine, not of bread, and of water but of hearing the word of the Lord. The weight of this just indignation which overtook that people, and draws after it spiritual destruction, has lain even until now, on the necks of our

in our day, this most gracious and merciful God, moved with compassion at the weakness of man, in the midst of wrath hath remembered mercy; and as he sent manna to the hungry in the wilderness, so has he sent his life giving word unto us, to strengthen weak and famished souls. Now the grace of God abounds towards all men. The Most High has made choice of his anointed servant, our most pious Emperor, to satisfy with heavenly food, those in our native land that hunger after salvation. And, behold, to our unutterable joy, his imperial majesty's will has extended unto us also! He accounts us worthy of being promoters of his paternal designs towards those tribes which inhabit this country, sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. How high is our vocation! What unspeakable honour is appointed unto the conscientious promoters of this cause! Let us commence our labours, therefore, in obedience to the will of our gracious God, and of our Emperor and Father. Let us spare neither exertion nor property, in order to bring these unfortunate brethren who know not the true God, to the knowledge of him, by means of his word; and thereby prove ourselves worthy of the name which we bear,—Sons of our beloved country, and sons of the Most High."

To this proposal a unanimous consent was heard throughout

But the whole assembly, the sincere-
 ty of which was demonstrated
 by the liberal subscription on
 the occasion amounting to about
 4333.—*Luminary.*

RELIGION.

Religion is the daughter of
 Heaven, parent of our virtues,
 and source of all true felicity.—
 She alone giveth peace and con-
 tentment, divests the heart of
 anxious cares, bursts on the
 mind a flood of joy, and sheds
 unmingled and perpetual sun-
 shine in the pious breast. By
 her the spirits of darkness are
 banished from the earth, and
 angelic ministers of grace thick-
 en unseen the regions of mor-
 tality. She promotes love and
 good-will among men, lifts up
 the head that hangs down, heals
 the wounded spirit, dissipates
 the gloom of sorrow, sweetens
 the cup of affliction, blunts the
 sting of death—& wherever seen,
 felt & enjoyed, breathes around
 her an everlasting spring. Re-
 ligion raises men above them-
 selves; irreligion sinks them be-
 neath the brutes: the one makes
 them angels, the other makes
 them devils: *this* binds them
 down to a poor pitiable speck
 of perishable earth; *that* opens
 up a vista to the skies, and lets
 loose all the principles of an
 immortal mind, among the glo-
 rious objects of an eternal world.
 Lift up thy head, O Chris-
 tian! and look forward to yon
 calm and unclouded regions of
 mercy, unsullied by vapours,
 untroubled by storms; where ce-
 lestial friendship, the loveliest

form in heaven, never dies, nev-
 er changes, never cools! Ere
 long thou shalt burst this brit-
 tle earthly prison of the body,
 break through the fetters of
 mortality, spring to endless life,
 and mingle with the skies.—
 Corruption has but a limit-
 ed duration. Happiness is e-
 ven now in the bud: a few days,
 weeks, or *years* at most, and
 that bud shall be fully blown.
 Here, virtue droops under a
 thousand pressures; but, like
 the earth with the returning
 spring, shall then renew her
 youth, and rise and reign in nev-
 er fading and undiminished lus-
 tre. It does not signify what
 thy prospects now are, or what
 thy situation now is. In the
 present world thy heart, indeed;
 may sob & bleed its last, before
 thou shalt meet with one, who
 has either the generosity to re-
 lieve, or the humanity to pity
 thee. Thou hast, however, in
 the compassionate Parent of
 Creation, a most certain re-
 source in the deepest extremity.
 Cast thine eyes but a little be-
 yond this strange, mysterious,
 and perplexing scene, which,
 at present intercepts thy views
 of futurity: behold a bow stam-
 ped in the darkest cloud that
 lowers in the face of heaven,
 and the whole surrounding hem-
 isphere brightening as thou ap-
 proachest! Say, does not yon
 blessed opening, which over-
 looks the dark dominion of the
 grave, more than compensate
 all the sighs & sufferings, which
 chequer the present intervening
 scene? Lo! there thy long-

lost friend, who still lives in thy remembrance, whose presence gave the more delight than all that life could afford, and whose absence cost thee more groans and tears than all that death can take away—beckons thee to him, that where he is thou mayest be also. “Here,” he says, “dwell unmingled pleasures, unpolluted joys, inextinguishable love, immortal, unbounded, and unmolested friendship. All the sorrows and imperfections of mortality are to us as though they had never been; & nothing lives in heaven but pure, unadulterated devotion. Our hearts swelled with rapture, cease to murmur; our breasts, warm with gratitude, cease to sigh; our eyes charmed with celestial visions, to shed tears; our hands enriched with palms of victory, to tremble; and our heads, encircled with glory to ache. We are just as safe in infinite power, as joyful in infinite fulness, and as happy as infinite goodness can make us. Ours is peace without molestation, plenty without want, health without sickness, day without night, pleasure without pain, and life without the least mixture or dread of dissolution.”

Happy thou, to whom the present life has no charm, for which thou canst wish it to be protracted! Thy troubles will soon vanish like a dream, which mocks the power of memory; and what signify all the shocks

which thy delicate and feeling spirit can meet with in this transitory world? A few moments longer, and thy complaints will be forever at an end; thy diseases of body and mind shall be felt no more; the ungenerous hints of churlish relations shall distress, fortune frown and fortitude intimidate, no more.—Then shall thy voice, no longer breathing the plaintive strain of melancholy, but happily attuned to songs of gladness, mingle with the hosts of heaven, the last and sweetest anthem that ever mortals or immortal sing—“O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ! Blessing and honor, glory and power, be unto Him that sits on the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever.”—*Gent. Mag.*

DIED, in Hoesack, N. Y. Capt. J. Matterson, aged 63. He had long been a member of a church and died divinely supported with a christian hope.

To Religion.

Welcome, evangelic stranger,
Welcome to my lone retreat;
In thy presence lurks no danger,
In thy smiles dwell no deceit.
Long have I in secret wooed thee,
Long have wished to see thee here;
But in vain I have pursued thee,
Torn with anguish, filled with fear.
Now the worldly warfare's over,
Thou and I will never part;
Every hour shall I discover
Joys still dearer to my heart.
In my heart take up thy rest,
Sweet Religion, welcome guest.